

Lone Wolf Club Newsletters

Newsletter #26

Joe Dever is the creator of the bestselling Lone Wolf adventure books and novels. He is the creator and editor of the original Lone Wolf Club Newsletters that were published between 1985–96.

Brian Williams is the main illustrator of the later Lone Wolf Club Newsletters.

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This project would have been impossible without the helpful contributions of:

David Davis – allowing scanned copies to be made of his near-complete collection of Lone Wolf Club Newsletters.

Jonathan Blake – providing better quality scans of artwork taken from the books.

Simon Osborne – creator and maintainer of this document.

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LONE WOLF Club

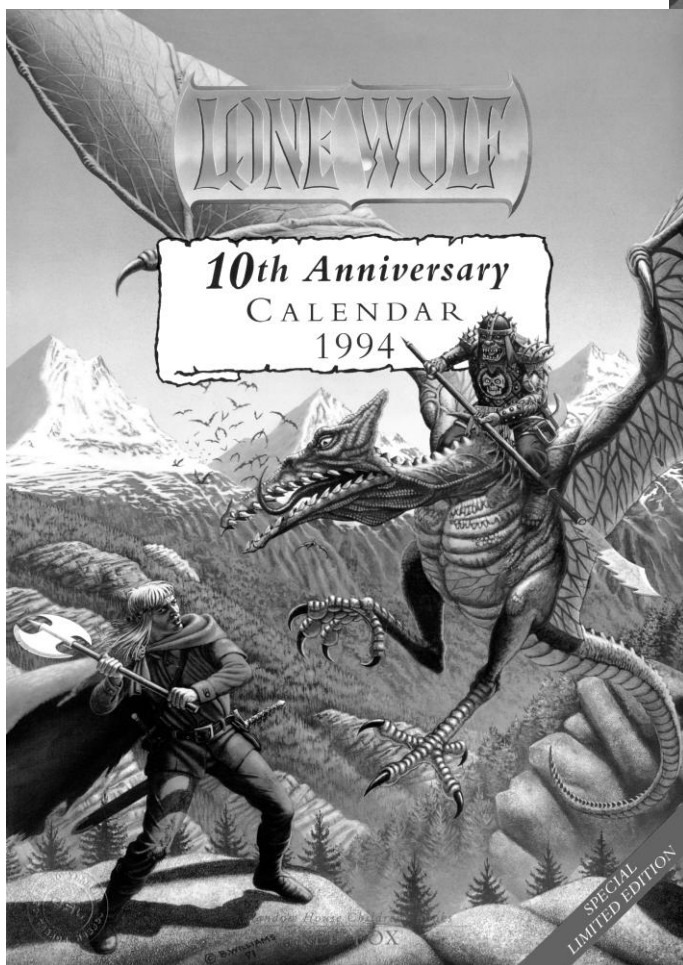
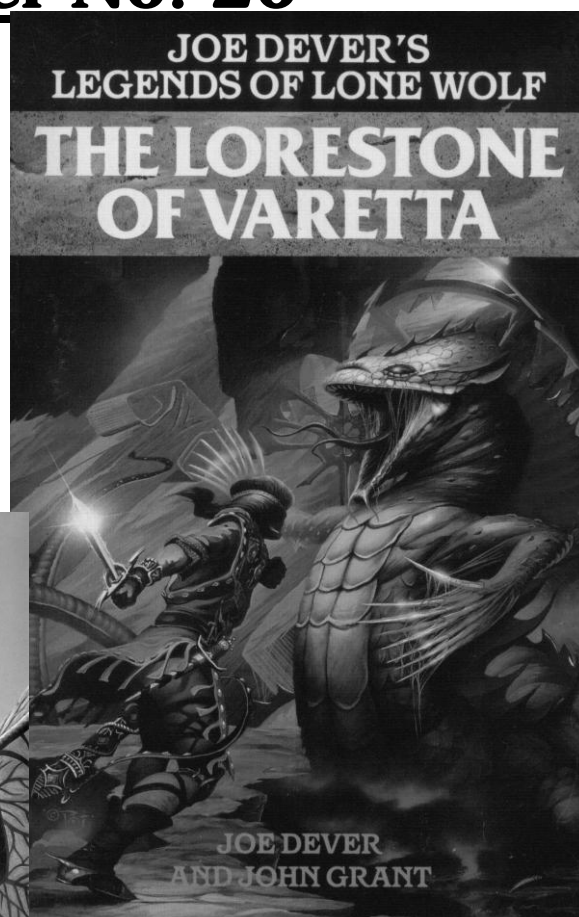
Newsletter No. 26

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for details.....



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DARKLANDS

by Robert Weighill

edited by Joe Dever



Kaaiel stood sweating in his heavy armour as Luomi burned like a second sun. It was not the heat that threatened to stifle him, or the dense smoke that threatened to choke him. It was the sight of his Drakkarim comrades eagerly running amok through the blazing streets, frenzied with bloodlust, destroying, defiling, desecrating. He watched with revulsion as Gulchok, his cruel halfcast sergeant (part-Drakkarim, part-Hammerlander) drew back his bloodstained axe and fixed the human woman with his insane stare. She clutched her boy-child close to her and begged for mercy. Gulchok slaughtered her. He knew no different. He had never ever known mercy.

Kaaiel gagged on his bile. Stricken with fear, partly the fear of being thought weak by his fellow troopers, he thanked his good fortune that his iron helm kept his face hidden. Had Gulchok looked into his eyes then, at that moment, he would have known. And Gulchok knows no mercy. The woman's death cry had stunned him. He froze. His legs would not move, despite his anguished mental commands. Then he heard the boy-child's scream. Then the swish of the axe. Then Gulchok's hideously bubbling laugh.

"Naog..." The word came from his mouth without need of thought. And the moment he heard his own voice he knew it was already too late. He, too, was doomed.

"Kaaiel!" The harsh sound of his name pierced his mind. Shakily he turned to face his sergeant as he strode out of the battle-smoke.

"Taag tor Hoki—ash gojog'adez—hah!" roared the great mouth of Gulchok, the great bloodstained mouth. He spat and belched and beamed with maniacal glee. Then he thrust something into Kaaiel's face which made him recoil. It was the boy-child's head. Gulchok's terrible laugh filled his ears and his vision began to swim in and out of focus. He felt his knees buckle. He was slipping away fast. The sound of Gulchok and the flames of Luomi swirled in his head. Then there was silence.

Vaarn swatted vengefully at the flies that swarmed around the Dead Pit. He and a few of his comrades stood in reverent silence as the black-robed Acolytes of Kraagenskûl hurled Drakkarim corpses unceremoniously into the freshly dug pit. Many of the dead he had known. They were in his muster. He had known them and together they had survived many battles. But not this one. This was a bad one. His comrades were dead and not given a proper burial. Treated by the 'blackskulls' (death knights) like cattle carcasses. An expendable regiment. Arrow-fodder for the Lencian archers when they came to take back Luomi. Vaarn stared at the corpses of his friends and fought back his anger. None had died in battle against a mightier foe or impossible odds. Most had been butchered by their own sergeants in that last desperate hour of the battle when all was lost.

With a grim sigh Vaarn turned his face away from the grisly scene and trudged through his army's fortified campsite. Across the palisade of sharpened stakes he could see Cetza on the horizon. He tramped through the mud towards a large earthen mound at the centre of the palisade. A great tent stood at the top of this hillock and this is where his leaders were gathered. It was a special counsel of war and many blackskulls were camped around the mound. They were in a vile mood. Defeat had never tasted good to them. They cursed and spat at him as he approached. They were beaten but they were still the toughest in this army and they were all too eager to prove it, especially to those of lesser rank. Vaarn allowed himself a quiet inward laugh. These blackskulls are dumbfools," he thought, and he felt himself smiling. Accidentally he brushed against a Death Knight's arm and instantly the warrior let out a bellow of rage. He withdrew his heavy sword from its stone-lined scabbard and pulled it back with lightning speed, its blood-rusted blade poised to decapitate Vaarn where he stood. But then something stayed his hand for a moment and Vaarn snatched his chance to hurry away beyond the blade's reach. He turned and ran as fast as he could in his armour and the clinging mud, and the other blackskulls roared with laughter at the sight. For a moment he had been sure that he was about to die. After all, many ordinary troopers had been hacked up by the blackskulls for less. In the end he decided that it was probably his inane grin that had saved him. The Death Knight had probably never before seen anyone smiling the moment before he hacked their head off and it had stunned him. Vaarn did not dwell on the thought too long. He had got away and that was all that mattered to him at present. On the far side of the mound he witnessed several Death Knights fighting each other with gutting knives and poisoned daggers. Huzharg himself stormed out of the great tent and commanded the blackskulls to order. They gave up their murderous game and those who were still breathing settled back to their campfires, their heads bowed down by the weight of the terrible thundering voice of Commander Huzharg. Vaarn found a quiet place beside a wagon's wheel and he sat there and listened to the grumbling blackskulls. The Lencians had another army only two days' march away and the Death Knights were divided about what to do about it. Half wanted to pull back to Torgar while the other half, the more inexperienced warriors, wanted to attack them and simply fight them to the death. But Vaarn knew that what they wanted to do was ultimately of no real consequence, for it was Huzharg and his captains who would decide strategy. And they would decide soon... just as soon as the ziran called Klusp arrived.

Vaarn pulled his cloak around his armoured shoulders and stared into the flames of a nearby campfire. If it had not been for the war he would have completed his battle training and would have been on his way to Nyvoz. Had this been the case he could have looked forward five years or so and quite easily have seen himself in the helm and armour of a blackskull. As it was, his muster had hurriedly been sent to the Eruan front before completing their full training. Yet they had proved their worth. They were good fighters. Until today most of them had also been good survivors. The image of their heaped corpses returned to his mind and Vaarn felt sadness engulf him like a chill grey cloud.

Below the commander's tent, on the slopes of the mound, stood a large square tent whose canvas walls were flapping noisily in the wind. Almost absentmindedly, Vaarn pulled himself upright and left the shelter of his wagon wheel. Slowly he trudged through the ankle-deep mud towards the tent and entered by way of a vent in its side. He almost gagged when he first smelled the stench that filled this terrible place. All about him lay dead and dying warriors, most afflicted with hideous wounds. There was no one here to help them, no druids or shamans to release them from their agony. They had been heaped here by the blackskulls, out of sight, until eventually they died of their battle wounds. Then, like his comrades, they would be for the Pit.

Some of the dying Drakkarim clutched at Vaarn's legs and begged him to end their pain with a blow from his sword or a twist of his knife. But Vaarn had had his fill of killing and he turned to leave. He was stepping through the vent when a hand grabbed his foot and held it firm. He was about to kick free when suddenly he recognized to whom the hand belonged.

"Kaaiel!?" said Vaarn, his voice barely more than a whisper. "By the beard of Gnaag! It's you...it...it is you!"

"Haalko is dead," gasped Kaaiel, pulling himself stiffly from the blood-soaked ground. Dried blood stained his cloak and a matted length of cloth that was tied around his head, staunching the flow from a fearsome wound that had laid bare the side of his skull.

"I know..." replied Vaarn, as he helped his comrade to his feet. "It was by Gulchok's hand. I didn't see the kill but I'm in no doubt. He's a hard one that Gulchok. I'd show him no fear. Not that one. He's a butcher."

"Damn near butchered me!" coughed Kaaiel.

"What! Gulchok did this to you!? That dung-brained sloat! Someone should slip a knife across his gizzard one of these nights. He's out of control!"

"That he is, but it's him who'll get the praise from the Commander for fighting like a true Drakkar, a worthy Drakkar. He used us like we were worth no more than a tribe of Swamp Giaks. Half the muster are dead, most killed by his hand, and it's him who'll get the good-word and some fine booty from Huzharg. His belly won't be going empty tonight, that's for sure."

"I know what you're thinking, Kaaiel," said Vaam, suddenly wary that this kind of talk was dangerous even at the best of times, and this was most certainly not the best of times.

"I wasn't thinking anything," said Kaaiel abruptly, "except, maybe, about survival."

"Kraan dung! I saw it in your eyes. You're toying with the thought of desertion, ain't you?"

Vaarn backed off a little as Kaaiel's eyes smouldered with angry emotion. Through clenched teeth he hissed: "Keep your raggin' voice down!"

"I don't give a damn," snapped Vaarn, "you're running and you know it!"

"You know what I know. You know what Gulchok will do when he finds out I'm still alive. And you know what he'll do to you when he finds out you've helped me."

The truth of Kaaiel's words struck Vaarn like a heavy punch to the stomach. From now on things would be totally different. Fate had decided that he could no longer be part of the Drakkarim Army. He was an outsider.

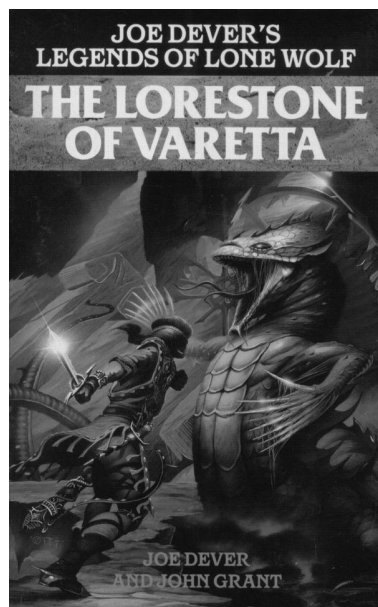
"Lencian scouts have been spotted in the forests." Kaaiel's tone was now almost calm. Very matter-of-factly he continued, knowing full well that Vaarn no longer had any choice in what was to happen. "I suggest we make a run for it lest we suffer the same fate as the others."

Vaarn nodded dumbly and swallowed hard. About him he could see the twisted, pain-wracked faces of the fatally wounded warriors who lay heaped upon the floor, like wretched crippled animals. Those nearest had heard every word that had passed between them. Some looked at him with disgust, yet most bore him no hatred at all. Though clouded with pain, he could still see in their eyes that they wished for him to escape and stay alive.

"We must try to forget what we have been taught by the Army about valour and duty," said Kaaiel, as he pulled his cloak about his shivering frame and made ready to leave the tent. "We've only one thing to occupy our minds now."

"And what's that?" asked Vaam.

Kaaiel forced his aching jaw to smile as he mouthed a single word: 'Survival.'



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Gwynian's Forum

Words of wisdom from the Sage of Varetta



In the early editions of the Lone Wolf books (1–6) there were adverts for computer games for the Spectrum based on the first three Lone Wolf adventures. Are these still available? (Gary Evans, Braintree)

I'm afraid these games went out of print in 1987, but I have heard that second-hand copies frequently turn up at shops specializing in used computer games software. For help finding your nearest used games software dealer, I suggest you contact the Special Reserve Games Club on (UK) 0279-600204.

Can you tell me when Alternative Armies will be releasing some more miniatures in the Grand Master series? (Gary Evans)

Unfortunately, Alternative Armies have been hit quite badly during the current business recession and they've been unable to keep to their planned schedule of new Lone Wolf figure releases. Because of this, the license for Lone Wolf miniatures has now been taken up instead by Matchlock Miniatures (816-818 London Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, SS9 3NH [UK] Tel: 0702-73986). Matchlock have taken over production of the existing AA Lone Wolf figures, and they are currently designing and preparing a further 12 figures which should be available early next month (Jan '94). In addition to expanding the 25mm

range of Lone Wolf miniatures, Matchlock are also working on two Lone Wolf armies in 15mm scale—Giaks and Sommlending, with special Drakkarim and Kai Lords command packs. To support these new figures, Joe Dever is currently working on the production of a tabletop rules system entitled 'Lone Wolf Fantasy Battle'. The first two volumes in this rules system (LWFB Vol.1 and LWFB Army Lists) are scheduled for first publication on 16th April 1994 to coincide with the Salute '94 Wargames Show in London. This is an exciting development and I hope to be able to bring you more news about LWFB in forthcoming Club Newsletters. Matchlock Miniatures would welcome requests and suggestions for figures to be included in their Lone Wolf 25mm & 15mm ranges. If you'd like to help with the development of LWFB, drop them a line at the address shown above and they'll consider your ideas and put you on their mailing list.

What is the answer to the puzzle at section #100 (UK edition) of Lone Wolf 7: Castle Death? (David Bell, Aberdeen)

'My daughter has many sisters as she has brothers, but each of her brothers has twice as many sisters as brothers. So answer me this, wise warrior, how many sons and daughters do I have?'

The answer is 3 sons and 4 daughters = Section # 34.

If you have any questions or queries about the Lone Wolf series, jot them down neatly on a sheet of paper and send them to: Gwynian's Forum, Lone Wolf Club, 39 Corfe Way, Broadstone, Dorset, BH18 9ND (UK)



DAWN OF THE DRAGONS Newsletter No. 24

COMPETITION RESULTS

ANSWERS

1. Saxin
2. Captain Remir D'Val
3. 100 Silver Lune
4. 260 miles
5. Nathor
6. Lucia province
7. A golden liqueur distilled by the Vaderish Brethren
8. The Cantarium
9. General Foucharl
10. 4 jewels
11. Spring Rain, Deep Heart, Frost Lark, Firefly, and East Wind
12. A lightning bolt across a full moon
13. The elderly leader of the Vaderish Brethren
14. Skull-tor
15. Cearmaine's son's regiment
16. Grand Thane
17. Dorst
18. A Palmyrion beverage
19. Holkar
20. A medal

WINNERS

First Prize:

SIMON PARRISH of Evesham

Runners-up:

PETER EAVES of Tonbridge

BARRY STOKES of Southport

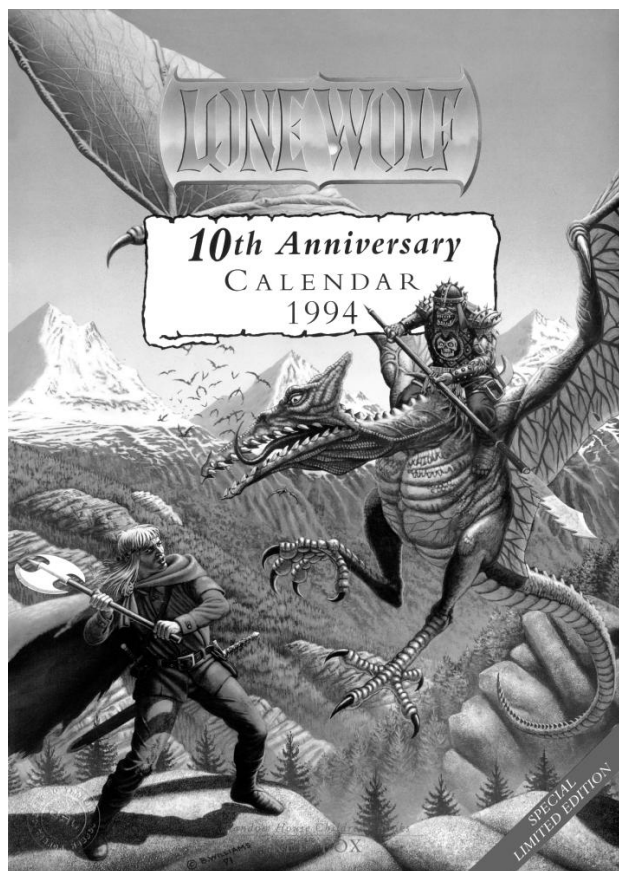
MICHAEL CORNELLI of Sioux Falls, USA.

Congratulations to Simon, who won a Zeon Tech 'Genius' Data Bank Calculator, and also to Peter, Barry, and Michael who each won signed copies of Legends of Lone Wolf 9: The Tellings.



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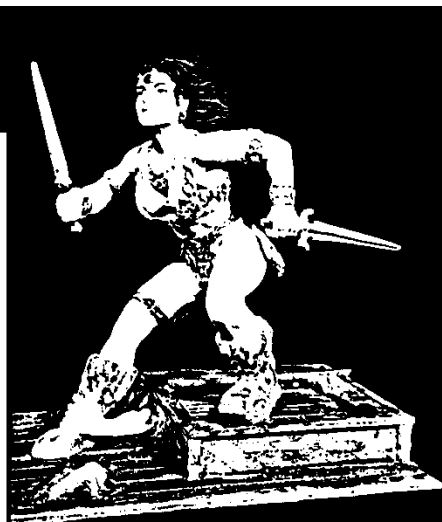
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The Kai Konnection



The Kai Konnection is a regular feature of the Lone Wolf Club Newsletter for those of you who would like to make new friends by post.



Name: ANDREW ING Age: 16
Address: England
Hobbies: Lone Wolf, badminton, tennis, violin, piano, reading fantasy, Warhammer, drawing, wildlife, TV, running, soccer, video games.
Would like a pen-pal, male or female, age 15-18 with similar interests. Please send a photo if possible.

Name: ANNA BARCLAY
Age: 13
Address: England
Hobbies: Lone Wolf, Red Dwarf, Manic Street Preachers, Bon Jovi.
Would like a pen-pal, male or female, preferably with similar interests.



Name: SCOTT CARVER
Age: 11
Address: USA
Hobbies: Lone Wolf books, fantasy, sci-fi, Battletech, RPGs, rock 'n' roll, sports.
Would like a pen-pal, boy or girl, age 10-12, similar interests, preferably European. Send photo.

Name: JAMES FIELD
Age: 12
Address: England
Hobbies: Lone Wolf, Fighting Fantasy, reading, computers.
Would like a pen-pal with similar interests & who likes arcade video games, fantasy books, and computers.



Kai Konnection Form:

YES! I would like to become a LONE WOLF pen-pal. Please feature me in the next newsletter (space permitting).

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Fill in this form in BLOCK CAPITALS please, and send it to: LONE WOLF CLUB (KK), 39 Corfe Way, Broadstone, Dorset, BH18 9ND (UK)

Argh! Just when you thought it was safe to turn the page, along comes that Leigh Loveday geezer with another one of his wacky 'doom-type' adventures. I wonder what he's called this one? I bet it's got 'doom' somewhere in the title. Yup. Just as I thought . . .

KRAPPY ARENA OF DOOM!

. . . er, by Leigh Loveday

1: You are a Gladiator (not one of the TV kind, one of the real kind) with all the skill and animal ferocity of a skilfully ferocious animal, and you're in this arena someplace and you've got to earn your freedom by reducing your opponent to a palpitating mush (or you can just kill it if you've got a bit of a weak stomach and don't fancy all that gory stuff). You have an awesome array of terrifying weapons . . . er, well actually all you've got are your fists and feet (and possibly your head, and possibly that bit of hard scab on the side of your shin which could cause someone a nasty graze if you're not careful). Hey, stop complaining. It could be worse. Probably. Right, let's get on with the good bit.

Your enemy wobbles into view from beyond the portcullis of the arena. It is a lamppost. Not one of those pansy new type ones, oh no. This is one of those old-style iron ones. It's a really tough lamppost. Not in any way a bit of a sissy on the quiet. This one's really mean. Oh by the way, before I go any further I'd better explain that you've got 10 Life Points (that's LPs for short. Not to be confused with CDs which you can't use anyway because your CD Walkman (of Doom) hasn't got any batteries, and you're going to have to wait several centuries for an Industrial Revolution to happen before you can buy some more). Oh yes, I'd better mention that if you can't work out what happens when you lose all of your Life Points then you're even sadder than me . . . and I write this stuff! Um . . . well . . . back to the dreaded lamppost. It appears to be scowling at you but, understandably, it's a little bit hard to tell for sure. It's got 12 Life Points (I warned you it was a tough cookie of a lamppost). When (more like 'if') you reduce its total to zero or less, go to 18, which is the last section in this whole excruciating affair. Right! Let's get on with it then. If you're quick you can make the first move. Do you punch it in the bulb case (if so, go to **11**)? Or do you kick it viciously in the, er, tall metal bit (if so, go to **5**)?



2: Your toe breaks with a sharp crack! You scream the demonic words of an old Black Sabbath number and lose 3 LPs. But, by Jove, the accursed lamppost is still throttling you (the swine!), so you lose another 2 LPs. Do you want to hurl a torrent of sarcastic abuse at it (if so, go to **6**)? Or do you want to try to struggle free from its awesome grip (if so, turn to **9**)?

4: As you search in vain for somewhere you can realistically call your enemy's groinal region, the impudent swine cuffs you smartly about the head a few times (lose 3 LPs). Desperate to fight back now, you could try spitting at it (if so, go to **15**), or you could even boldly attempt to trip it up (go to **12**).

6: The lamppost adopts a horrified expression (probably), stiffens its already stiff middle bit a bit more, and then slowly keels over backwards. You filthy, cheating, low-down, mangy swine. Well done. Hee hee hee. Go to **18**.

3: IT SQUEALS IN PAIN (LOSING 2 LPs), BUT THEN IT MANAGES TO GET UP AND IMMEDIATELY IT GRABS YOU BY THE THROAT WITH ITS STICKY-OUT METAL BITS, QUITE PREDICTABLY CAUSING YOU SOME DISCOMFORT (LOSE 2 LPs). IN DESPERATION YOU COULD TRY BITING ONE OF ITS METAL BITS (IF SO, GO TO 14), OR YOU COULD BOOT IT ONE IN THE BASE (GO TO 2).

7: Pain shoots up your foot, pauses at your knee for a quick bite to eat and a flask of hot chocolate, then continues its journey up your thigh with a vengeance (lose 3 LPs). Do you now inform this vile foe that it can jolly well bog off (if so, go to **6**), or do you repeatedly stick two fingers up at it in a rather disrespectful manner (if so, go to **13**)?

5: The collision of cast iron and human flesh has a completely unspectacular result, i.e., you do your smegging foot in (lose 2 LPs). While the fiendish lamppost laughs helplessly at your predicament, you could take this opportunity to try to push it over (if so, go to **12**), or you could even try a daring 'headbutt in the bulb region' move (if so, go to **11**).



AN INFAMOUS PALMYRION CONGA-LINE OF DOOM

8: You're a lying Giak, is what you are!

9: As you are heaving yourself up its majestic length, the lamppost slowly lets itself topple over, crushing your head rather unpleasantly into the gritty dust of the arena floor. Lose 10 LPs. If you are still alive, go to **8**. If you are not, then you're dead and you won't be able to read this anyway so I won't bother going on and finishing this sentence, which you'll not be able to read 'cause you're dead and dead people don't read (according to Dr Bill G. Konk of the Flostomy Institute of Ulan Bator—a leading expert on this fascinating subject).

13: *The Lamppost seems to tolerate your little performance almost politely for a while. Then it gets a bit miffed and lashes out with its metal bit and smashes a big hole in your skull. Ah, Lose 50 LPs. Sorry.*

16: Your adversary squeals and clutches at its severely dented sticky-out metal bit (losing 4 LPs). You're beginning to run out of foolproof tactics, so do you resort to spitting (if so, go to **15**)? Or do you start swearing at it (go to **6**)?

15: You manage to temporarily blind it with your corrosive phlegm. Do you now nip swiftly in to kick its butt (go to **7**), or elbow its bulb (go to **10**)?

12: THE LAMPPOST WATCHES WITH JOVIAL INTEREST AS YOU ATTEMPT TO DISADVANTAGE IT WITH YOUR OUT-STRETCHED ANKLE. AFTER A WHILE, EVEN WHEN YOU STILL HAVEN'T REALISED JUST WHAT A PATHETICALLY FEEBLE TACTIC YOU'RE PURSUING, THE LAMPPOST RUSHES AT YOU A BIT SHARPISH AND HITS YOU UNNECESSARILY HARD ON THE HEAD WITH A METAL BIT (LOSE 5 LPs). STAGGERING ABOUT IN A DAZE, YOU CAN NOW EITHER TRY TO CLIMB THE POST AND RETALIATE BY ATTACKING ITS TOP BIT (GO TO **9**), OR YOU CAN ELBOW IS IN THE BASE (GO TO **10**).

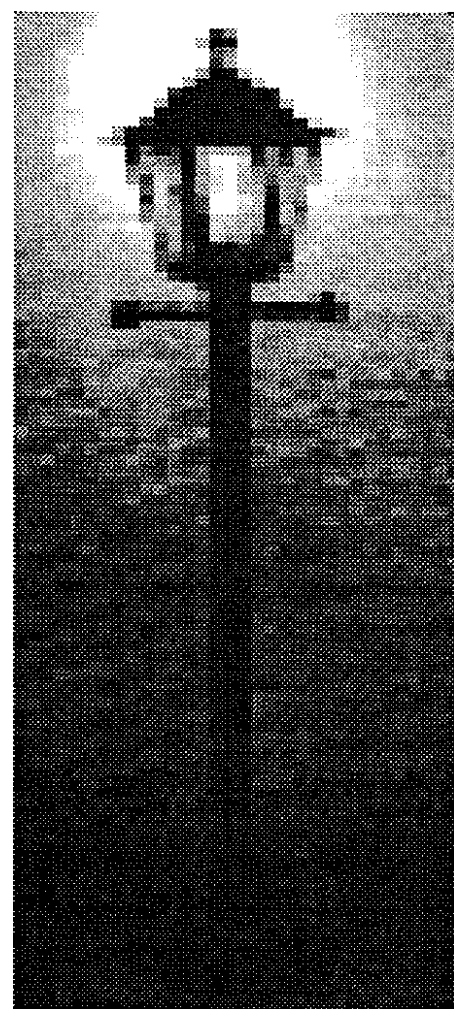
10: Both you and your enemy squeal rhythmically in pain. It's quite a catchy sort of sound and soon the spectators are humming along to it. A record executive comes rushing up to you with a contract in his hand and he pleads with you both to sign it. He wants you to make an album. You both scream even louder and ignore him and eventually he goes away. You recover your senses (from a left-luggage locker in Grimsby town centre bus depot) and return in time to see that your enemy is still feeling a bit queasy. That record contract executive certainly gave old lampposty a nasty turn. You could now give your foe a sound booting before it recovers fully (go to **7**), or you could take your revenge in an entirely inscrutable way by calling it a nasty name or something like that (if so, go to **6**).

11: The casing shatters and the bulb cracks too. The lamppost shrieks hideously. The terrible sound reminds you of the plaintive cry of an antelope (or possibly an ibex) who's gone shopping and bought lots of antelope-type clothes and toys at "Antelopes-R-Us" and when it goes to pay at the cash desk it suddenly discovers that it's left its purse at home on the kitchen table. It's an absolutely shrill and heart-rending cry. Then the lamppost shakes its bulb case fitfully and showers you with broken glass (the lamppost loses 4 LPs; you lose 1 LP). You can now use this chance to execute a *coup-de-grace*: a dazzling double-footed flying scissors kick (if so, go to **17**), or you could clamber up the post and punch its bulb in (go to **9**).

17: Crikey! It actually worked. It may not have been the most fluid or athletic flying kick ever seen but it's done the job. The lamppost crashes to the ground (losing 4 LPs). While it is down, there are several dirty sneaky things you could do, such as stamp on it (if so, go to **3**), or kick it one in the groin region (go to **4**).

14: Four of your teeth fall out, one after the other (lose 2 LPs). Yet, even so, your ploy works and the lamppost lets go of you. Now you can either deliver it a savage backfist slam to its sticky-out metal bit (go to **16**), or you could try confusing it by pulling silly faces and making a noise like a punctured whoopee cushion (go to **13**).

18: *So . . . you've won, eh? The lamppost lies defeated, and the thrill of victory sends the adrenaline pumping through your veins. Nothing can stop you now! Nothing! Except, of course, the Emperor who presides over this arena, and who has you immediately put to death for no other reason than he's taken a dislike to the colour of your nasal hair. You knew it was going to be tough, so you can't really complain about the outcome can you? What do you mean you want your money back? Bog off! I say you're dead and you're dead, so there! Hee hee hee!*



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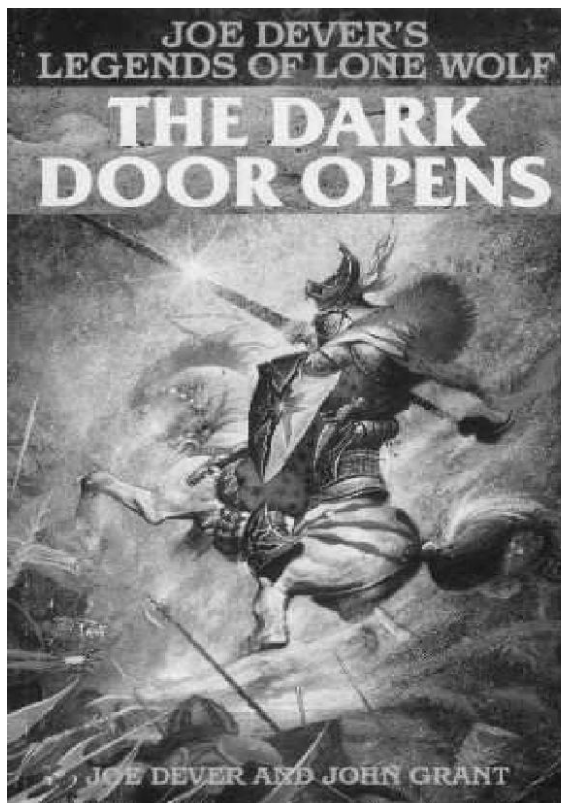
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All entries must be submitted no later than 1st February 1994. Any received after this date will not be counted so be sure to complete your entry and send it in as soon as possible. The winner and runners-up will be notified by post before 13th February 1994.

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-
1. The Shianti dwell on which remote island of southern Magnamund?
 2. Kai Grand Crowns who possess the Grand Master Discipline of Kai-surge are able to use a Kai-Ray. True or false?
 3. What is the secret name that can bind Nza'pok when spoken aloud?
 4. Who or what is Jantoor?
 5. Who is the god of the Drakkarim?
 6. Who commands the Lieutenants of Night?
 7. What is the name of Naar's citadel of evil and where is it located?
 8. Who or what rules over the domain which is called 'The Oblivion of the Tormented Souls'?
 9. How do Muntaag attack their enemies?
 10. Where was the Tome of Darkness found?
 11. What pulls the chariot of Avarvae the Tormentress?
 12. What does the Old Kingdom word 'Skarn-Ska' mean?
 13. Who wields a weapon that "bleeds scarlet venom"?
 14. What must be spilt into the Pool of Sorrows before one can leave the realm of Shamath?
 15. What is located within a nest of fire atop the Tree of the Wyrms?
-

Send your answer sheet (including your name, address, age & Kai rank) to: THE LONE WOLF CLUB (Q26), 39 Corfe Way, Broadstone, Dorset, BH18 9ND (UK)

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21 August 2009

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